

Poetry.

The Loved and Lost.

BY P. B. WEST.

Not dead—only sleeping :

Oh, why should we weep ?

The angels that guard them

Their treasures will keep,

And the sun, that sinks down

In the wastes of the deep,

Will again, o'er their tomb,

Shine playfully.

Now freed from all turmoil

Engendering strife,

From clouds and from darkness

When passions were rife ;

From wiles and delusion,

Embittering life

Till its shadowy gloom

Falls mournfully.

On this bountiful earth,

How fleet are the hours !

How resplendent the skies !

How fair are the flowers

That bloom by the pathway !

And bright *suns* arise—

Arise to illumine

Earth's drapery.

To that bright *Star of Promise*—

That *Hope of the Blest*

That guides life's frail bark

To a haven of rest ;—

To that *beacon* we turn

When earth's glow recedes ;

In its light we may trust,

And joyfully.